

## A PAGE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

## BLOUSES OF WHITE NET



## PATTERNS FOR PRETTY AND INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAY GARMENTS.

## Newest Effects in Blouses of White Net Suitable for General Wear and Easily Made.

If a girl has the time and necessary skill, any one of the above blouses can be made at home for about one-third the cost of the ready-made article. They are decidedly new and are suitable for a luncheon or holiday dinner, or even for the theatre.

The lining of taffeta is made entirely separate and is donned first. One good lining will answer for two or three blouses, if you are the fortunate possessor of them. A most fitting trimming for these net blouses is applique lace or insertion, with herring-bone, French knots or finished with tiny tucks or pleats. Most of them are kept entirely in white, but if a touch of color is desired beads of coral or turquoise worn around the throat will give a handsome appearance.

The first blouse illustrated is of

white net, with an applique of lace put on in a new and very effective manner. It is ornamented with tiny imitation, jeweled buttons.

The second has a yoke decorated with squares of applique and lace. A smart appearance is added by the tie of black velvet.

The third blouse in the set has a yoke of imitation Irish lace, which is used in the trimming of the sleeves also. This design illustrates a very pretty way of using herring-bone.

Blouse No. 4 is made entirely of squares of lace and squares of tucked net, alternated to give a checkered appearance. The sleeves, however, are wholly of net, cut very full and loose, except at the cuffs, which are of tightly fitting lace. The extreme top of the sleeves may be ornamented with

lace also. A huge bow of tulle sets off the blouse well.

The fifth is a simple but stylish blouse, trimmed with three squares of lace, placed so as to form a sort of yoke.

The sixth blouse illustrates another pretty method of using herring-bone. This model is cut so that the net falls in a sort of bolero, with the bottom edge trimmed with lace insertion.

In the seventh blouse dotted net is used, with a plain net yoke laid in big tucks, below which it is shirred. The sleeves are of the dotted net made rather full down to the cuffs, where they flare out suddenly. The sleeves are also shirred. A collar of Irish crochet lace is shown on this blouse, but it can be worn without the collar and gives the appearance of another blouse.

## AN AMERICAN GIRL'S TRAVELS THROUGH EUROPE.

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON.

Amsterdam, Dec. 1, 1902.

IT WAS rather an inglorious exit that we made from Belgium. Much to our surprise, for we were leaving with that wholly unfounded feeling of having been exceedingly generous in the matter of tips.

The enjoyable sensation of having been munificent is apt to afflict Americans who, for the first time, meet the wholesale tipping system of the continent, and abide by its dread unwritten law. As a matter of fact, though, this self-gratulation is only another absurdity of the untraveled. The man you tip is not ungrateful to you, for the simple reason that he feels he has you in your purse money that is rightfully his. The gratuity in Europe is one of the ironies of existence. It is not a gratuity, by any means. Morally, you owe the surplus which the tippee expects. If the tipper gives him a large piece of money to change he retains not only the price of his service, but his tip as well—a large tip, if you look innocent and lamb-like; the regulation amount if you are a native and know just what the appropriate amount is.

## Types For Everybody.

But even that varies. Sometimes a porter will double up with gratitude for six American cents. At others he will look scornfully at the piece in his hand and express himself in a foreign tongue with an accent that makes you feel there could be no more thoroughly received only what is his due.

The man you forget to tip hates you, not only for being stingy, but because detestable, contemptible cheat in a traveling world than just your own self.

At times like this my sister and I learned to throw ourselves upon the mercy of the outraged one. "How much should I give you?" Nora would hasten to ask, feeling that anything could be borne rather than suffer that impression of our unpeakable meanness to continue. And it must be admitted that the cabman or porter or guide helped himself rather temperately from the handful of small pieces she so trustfully and apologetically held out.

After all, Don and Donna Quixotes are safest and happiest at home. If you intend to reform the tipping system of Europe, you will do it most comfortably and quite as effectively from America, where, incidentally, the custom is not unknown. And over here the sums involved are so small (when translated out of the seemingly large coins of the continent into plain American pennies) that it isn't really worth making the usual, large and almost futile American protest.

Our particular encounter with

## She Has Encounters With the Tipping System of the Continent Which Are Not All Pleasant and Profitable—Small Sums Do Not Satisfy.

the tip rampant, it was this way: We had "fed" the porter of our hotel—a magnificent individual, a combination of clerk, steward and first lieutenant to the proprietor, with brass enough on his coat and cap to provide for any general in our army, except Corbin; a man who could direct you in four languages and see you to your carriage with the air of a prince and military attaché combined—we had bestowed upon this gentleman just 50 cents. As he wished us a pleasant journey we concluded that the tip was satisfactory. The head waiter—doubtless some Italian count in distress, so graceful and distinguished—a nobleman he seemed—got nearly 75 cents, the change from our bill. The chambermaid, our own little waiter, the porter, the boots—they all got diminishing but appropriate sums. And they were happy and pleased, every individual of them, because they turned back into the hotel corridor (after holding us up in true highwayman style as we passed through) with that unmistakable appearance of satisfaction which one learns to look for.

At the station we had the pleasure of receiving the thanks of the bus conductor for a small appreciation of the elegance with which he sits upon his coachman's seat. And the green-sprocketed porter who lifted our luggage down was also gracious enough to accept a few cents. This bestowal of largesse so affected Nora and me that we went on our way with all the self-satisfaction of the parvenue—and even the old noblesse couldn't equal that.

We were called to earth by a prolonged and sibilant "se-st, se-st." It was unpleasant, but it couldn't be directed toward such generous and open-handed tourists as ourselves. We marched on our way with all the self-satisfaction of the parvenue, when the noise was repeated. It was malicious this time and furious. It had temper in it and disgust and authoritative questioning.

## Sadness At the Last.

"What the custom-of-the-country-in-the-matter-of-emphatic-wording do you mean by such conduct? Its hissing demand seemed to say: 'What unusual and unaccountable and altogether impossible sort of human being can you be? Can it be that you are so ignorant or so imbecile or so depraved and dishonorable as to ignore your obligations? Se-st-st!'"

We turned and found the railway porter, with a green apron, of course, and a face that was exploding with wrath and the effort to hiss loud enough to attract our attention. It was too true. We had forgotten him. We had been so proudly taken up with the paying of "gratuities" that we had overlooked the one obligation that was legally due.

We paid it and got into the train crestfallen.

Two circumstances make Amsterdam dear to the visitor is not The Hague, and it is the possession of Rembrandt's "Night Watch."

The Hague is a sort of big village, a fine aristocratic, peopled by men and women who might be country cousins of the gay, elegant Braxellois. Amsterdam is a city, owning one of the finest museums in Europe, the best of two almost perfect private collections of paintings. It is busy and business-like, determinedly modern and ambitious. At the Hague the canals are stagnant and malodorous. Amsterdam keeps her waterways, within their fine quays, clean and clear by a Herculean labor, truly Dutch in its persevering overcoming of difficulties.

## Cities Not All Clean.

As to the great Rembrandt picture, looked at through a long line of arched corridors—it is as finely placed as it deserves to be—it seems to be swimming in a golden haze. The yellow light used so lavishly gives it the effect of being bathed in sunshine. It isn't really a night watch at all, but a turning out of the guard under the last, diffused rays of the setting sun.

How wonderfully the Dutch painted portraits! That fidelity to the detail of little things is as characteristic of them in their galleries as in the building and maintaining of dikes. It Rembrandt had not outdone them all in his Syndic's portrait, there would have been half a dozen others to claim pre-eminence. It is only in the lack of that beautiful, tricky sensuality of light and shade, and in the perfected definiteness, the quality of endowing his subjects with fullest individuality, that the master painter outranks all other masters.

I don't find Holland's cities so aggressively clean as I expected. Parts of Delft and The Hague itself rival American towns in their untidiness. And Holland is gifted with a versatility in

the art of bad smelling that defies description. A flat, lovely, smelly country it is, with a dank richness in both soil and atmosphere. Our first (nasal) impression was that of a pigsty, where the fields are spotted with buckets filled with an unsavory mixture from which the cows and pigs feed. We had to hold our breath while we gazed entranced at Dordrecht from the bridge—and not because the famous view which artists love to paint was so beautiful. Providence, of course, has mercifully denied to the Hollanders a sense of smell. They admit with a pained accent, as of some forgotten and forgiven sin, that once their country was slightly malarial. But now? Impossible.

It's a loyal, lovable little nation, that speaks a tongue like the crash of broken brown crockery. Dutch is a tongue that one ought really to have no ear acquaintance with, unless one is tone deaf. Nor can an English-speaking person take eye cognizance of it, even in signs and on shops and railway cars, without feeling that he is suffering from a prolonged nightmare of a smothered German. And to speak it—! No, only a Dutchman could do so guttural a thing and retain a throat and jaw uninjured to afterward tell the kind of how it felt. But you'd sooner get a Hollander to believe that Wilhelm's husband abuses the little name of his beloved little queen—a report which he absolutely and indignantly denies—than to admit that Dutch is not the most fluent, expressive, graceful and musical of living languages.

We visited the palace in Amsterdam. We had seen the little house in the woods near The Hague, a palacette, with a beautiful Japanese and a Chinese room, and the circular Orange Saal aflame with the paintings of the Rubens school, and some really fine pieces of statuary and carving, gifts to Wilhelm from other kings and queens. But this little count palace of Holland's queen was so very unpalatial, such a bourgeois little residence, that we yearned, like true Americans, for something really regal. And we were fitly punished for such a yearning. The Amsterdam one was such a shabby palace, with such unholly combinations of color, if Wilhelm were anything but a pretty, gracious figure, head she'd exercise the feminine prerogative of matting her carpets and her hangings.

And nearly everything swathed in cloth, nevertheless, a corner of which the guide lifts gingerly to give you a peep at the glories it (mercifully) hides. There's the pious Dutch spirit of economy for you, which covers up everything worth looking at, and charges half a florin for the exquisite delight of gazing upon linen coverings, carpets, canvases, chandeliers encased, hangings sewed up, all in one orgy of desolate brown Holland.

We went down to Scheveningen for a day. Don't attempt to pronounce it. We did, using all the "s"s and "ch"s, and "k"s in our vocabulary. But after all our attempts, strivings, it was humiliating to see the pitying smile with which the Hollanders of our acquaintance would exclaim, "Oh, Scheveningen," with a simply indescribable scrunch of consonants.

This is Holland's Newport, an entrancing mixture of sea and shore, a combination of fashionable watering place, a forest and a fishing village. This last is perched up high behind the dunes and away from the curious eyes of the gay world which reigns in Scheveningen during the summer. Here the wives of the fishermen still wear the old costumes and the sabots, the short black or blue skirt, round and full, the kerchief across the bosom and the close, round skullcap of brass or gold, sometimes, with the white cap over it. They are busy, busy women with high-colored complexions, sharp-pointed features and clear, straight, seeing eyes, but their daughters have exquisite skins and eyes, and a poise of shoulders and head that the belles down at Scheveningen must envy.

## The Real New Woman.

The villas at Scheveningen are ideally placed and planned with an art specialized to producing just this effect of tasteful, simple comfort. There is a refreshing absence here of the monstrous summer hotel. Its place is taken by a few rather pretentious places down by the station, but real Scheveningen dwells in exquisitely comfortable, light temporary homes, with no pretence except that tasteful combination of piazzas, curtains, glass, light tables and beautifully shaded grounds, brilliant with geraniums and begonias. In these gardens, in the evening the lights gleam, while one catches just a glimpse through the shrubbery of the family dining out of doors.

The woman of the continent is the real new woman, though she is not aware of it. She pushes her vegetable carts with her partner, the dog. She works in the field, her one poor, lone figure looking pitifully helpless and human in the midst of the vast space she has to clear. She carries brushwood upon her head, packed so high and so heavy that her whole frame is bowed down with it. In the same way she looks like a small, moving haystack as she totters across the field.

She pulls up gangplanks along the lakes and hauls the passengers' luggage about. She is never too old nor too young to work, and her right to work no one dreams of questioning. Still, it is fine to see what helplessness these Holland women are. One morning on the great docks we watched the boats come in to spend Sunday in Amsterdam. Clean, tidy, well-built craft these are, long and roomy, yet often they are manned only by the family, the father "polling" his way in as the bridge is lifted, pushing with all the strength of two arms of iron his boat from one side or the other, while at the wheel, fair and buxom and capable, stands mevrouw, her ears alert to her husband's commands, her eyes divided between the safeguarding of her floating house and care for the baby in his home-made little rocking horse at her elbow. Her washing, done last night, still hangs high and dry on the lines across the deck. Her two eldest are brave in clean calicoes and shining Sabbath morning faces. The little cabin's widow is gay with a curtain edged with crocheted lace of her own making. The potted plants on the sill are thriving and blooming, and the cat and the dog lie in amiable company at the baby's feet. What American woman, living in a boarding house and belonging to half a dozen women's clubs, could look upon the picture without envy?

But real Holland is not at The Hague, where in the old Gefangenpoort there is a really edifying collection of instruments of torture; nor at Amsterdam, where the old ladies still occasionally wear the quaint, close-fitting gold cap—and set a dowdy little black American bonnet on top of it, and rakishly to one side; nor at Delft, where the princes of Orange lie buried beneath tasteless, stiff monuments.

ments in churches from which Calvinism has washed away every trace of popishly beautifully stained windows, stone carvings, brasses and gorgeous frescoes; nor at Scheveningen, where the Dutch aristocracy is as beautiful and as finely costumed as it knows how to be—which isn't very beautiful nor very fine.

## On the Marken.

Real Holland has retreated up north. The towns are sophisticated and dull-thatched, with the adoption of the universal shirtwaist and skirt, and its mate, the coat and trousers. But in the country! A significant pause always followed this promise, when we inquired for the real Dutchness of the Dutch. So we believed and sailed for Marken.

You can go by canal to the island of Marken, returning by the Zuyder Zee. We stop first at Broek in Waterland, an exquisitely Dutch little village, its streets looking as though just swept and washed clean in expectation of visitors. Immaculate little houses border the winding street, whose fair, round individual cobbles might be counted. Right through the town the whole ship's load of us marches to the model dairy. We are expected. An old woman, with lace cap, sabots and empty milk cans yoked to her shoulders, is posing in front of the door of the dairy, ready to submit to snap shots at half a florin a shot. In the front room a thrifty Dutch lady is selling milk in tiny glasses at 16 cents a glass. In the corridor souvenir postcard cards are on sale, and in the parlor beyond, with its little bed built in the wall, you are invited to purchase brasses, costumes, Delft ware, cheeses, chairs—anything.

We have arrived. Marken has met us, and we are its. Here beauty and beggary are at its height. The tiny island is most picturesque, the begging at its funniest. Children in the old costumes are waiting for you at the water's edge. They are a riot of figured crinoline, girdled and laced in the back, of heavy Dutch waists above big-skirted little bodies, their sabots clattering, and a curl that looks like home-made and underdone molasses candy hanging down on either side of a high-colored face, while a fringe of hair in front, like a coarse thud, square-cut and sticking out straight beneath the caps, completes them to their entire and obvious satisfaction.

## So Different.

(Punch.)  
Village Swain—Lovely moon, ain't there, Sally?  
Sally (revisiting her home)—Nuthin' to what we 'as in town.